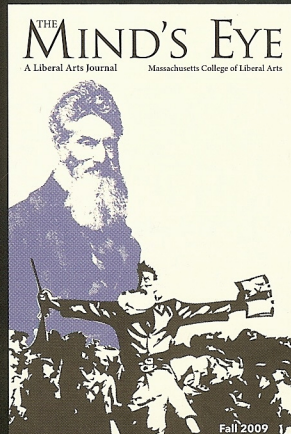
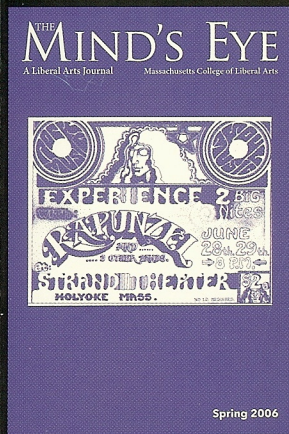
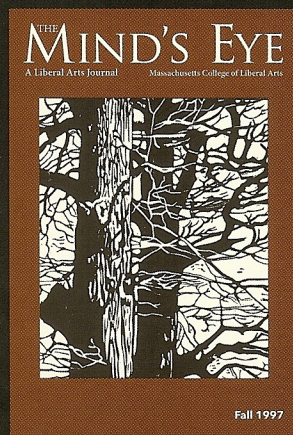
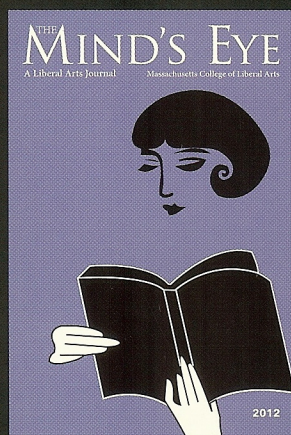
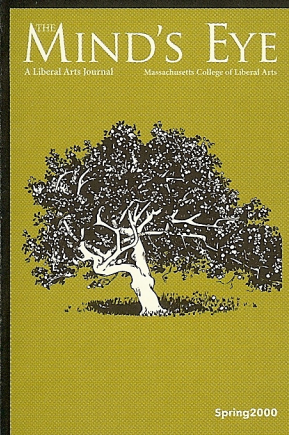
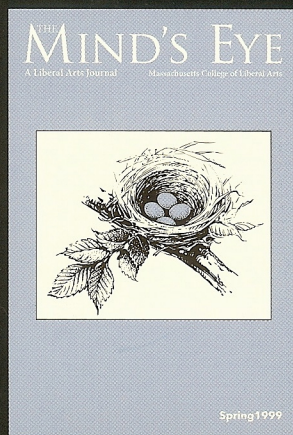
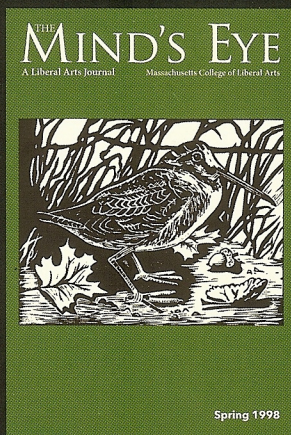
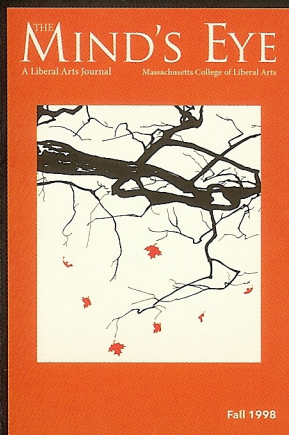


# THE MIND'S EYE

2014

A Liberal Arts Journal

Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts



*Celebrating  
37 Years*

\$7.50



# THE MIND'S EYE

A Liberal Arts Journal

2014

Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts

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*The Mind's Eye*, a journal of scholarly and creative work, is published annually by Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts. While emphasizing articles of scholarly merit, *The Mind's Eye* focuses on a general communication of ideas of interest to a liberal arts college. We welcome expository essays, including reviews, as well as fiction, poetry and art. Please refer to the inside back cover for a list of writer's guidelines.

A yearly subscription to *The Mind's Eye* is \$7.50. Send check or money order to *The Mind's Eye*, c/o Frances Jones-Sneed, Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, 375 Church Street, North Adams, MA 01247.

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## *From the Editor*

We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are the members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for.

– *Dead Poet's Society*

It is with great pleasure that I introduce this edition of *The Mind's Eye*. This is a commemorative issue celebrating thirty-plus years of publication on the campus of MCLA. This issue features examples of poetry and prose from a rich tradition of literature published in the journal. There is not enough space to list here the names of all the writers who contributed over the years, but we want to thank them for sharing their talents with us.

We begin this issue with a tribute to the founding editor of the journal, Charles McIsaac. I did not know Mr. McIsaac, but I had the privilege to read the early issues and the correspondence from his files. It gave me insight into a unique, caring man who wanted to promote and sustain the liberal philosophy of the institution beyond the Berkshires. In fact, he wrote to a departing member of *The Mind's Eye* editorial board: "each member, by his service, shows love of the college, a rare measure of regard for his own integrity, and an unselfish devotion to the ideals of the intellectual life."

It is only fitting that the second editor of the journal, Tony Gengarely, gives us a first-hand view of those early years, the work of Charles McIsaac, and some of the challenges and opportunities of the time. Subsequent managing editors and board members maintained the high standards that Charles McIsaac established for the journal. We also dedicate this issue to our long-time copy editor, Arlene Bouras, who had the same sound judgement as Charles McIsaac.

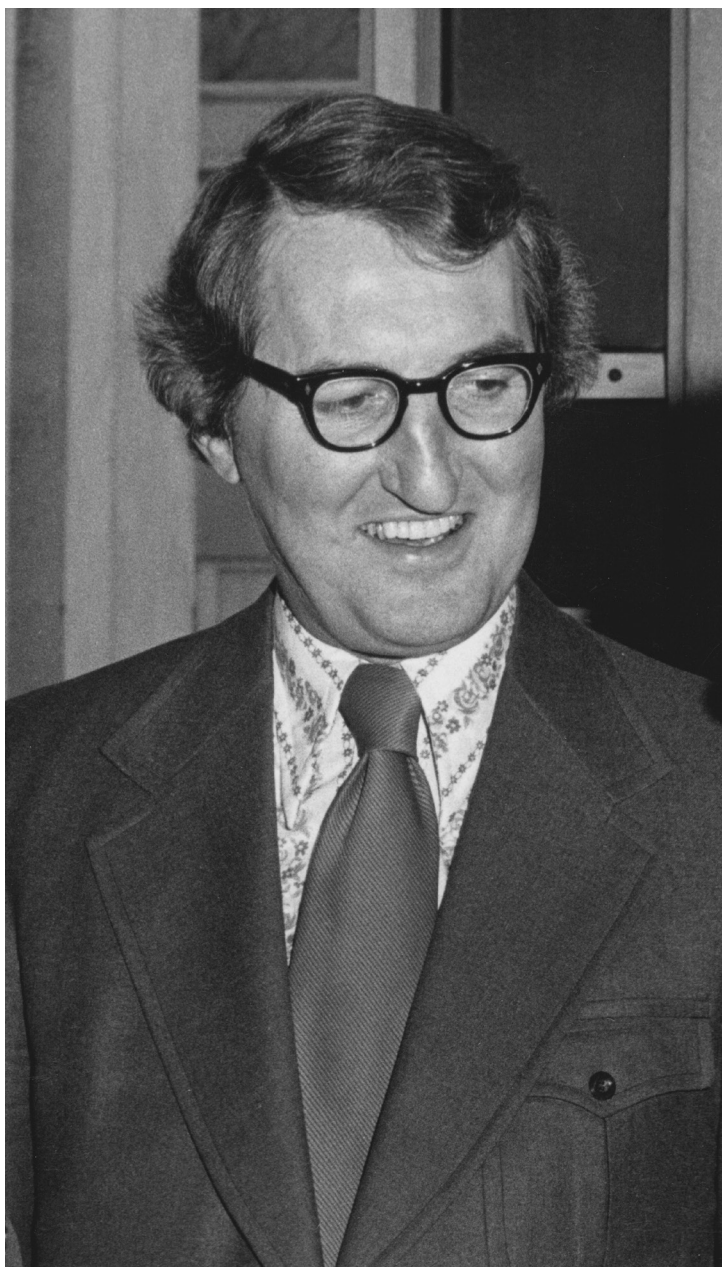
We wish you good reading. This edition is worthy of a place on your bedside table as you slowly savor each piece.

Frances Jones-Sneed, Ph.D.  
*Managing Editor*





*November Trees*, Lino-cut by Leon Peters, from the fall 1997 cover



Charles McIsaac

# The Birth of a Journal: Charles McIsaac and the Early Years of *The Mind's Eye*

BY TONY GENGARELLY

“We will never set the world on fire. But we have learned a lot about writing, editing and printing. . . . and have raised the level of discourse.”

(McIsaac, Charles. Letter to Sidney Burrell, November 16, 1982)

*The Mind's Eye* is here to give voice to the thoughts and interests of those at the College. Its quality is consistently high; its research solid; its diversity of thought and opinion both exciting and edifying. It encourages dialogue from within and without. Many distinguished contributors from outside our expanding network of disciplines have been welcome additions and catalysts for our readers.

As we celebrate this commemorative edition of *The Mind's Eye*, many of us can take justifiable pride in the journal's success. It is in many ways a reflection of our college and who we are as people and members of an academic community. The following pages provide a sample of authors' contributions over the years, but another, equally significant story lies in the journal's evolution as a unique and vital part of our campus.

The current *Mind's Eye*, which debuted in the fall of 1997 when the College officially became Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, had a parent who emerged in a different era. Like our present journal, it struggled initially to command the interest and support of its primary constituents. Similar to our present publication, dedicated and committed people kept the enterprise go-



ing, along with the excellent contributions of its authors; many of whom saw their pieces expand into publication in other forms and venues. But that early publication and its name were the brainchild of one man and it is to him that we dedicate this commemorative edition.

*The Mind's Eye* came into the world in January of 1977 on the typewriter of Charles McIsaac, then director of Freil Library. Charlie, as we all knew him, was a tall, elegant man. Before he came to what was then North Adams State College (NASC), he had been on the library staff of Mugar Memorial Library at Boston University, and, sometime before then, Charlie had been in the Catholic priesthood. As a prospective member of the faculty I met him in 1972, when he was involved with jump-starting a new building (the one now situated in the main quadrangle) and trying to grasp the role he and the library might play at the College. Seven years later, having reconfigured the library's presence on campus, Charlie found a unique direction for his own role with the publication of a literary journal.

Charlie's departure from the priesthood had not impaired his abiding humanism, and through *The Mind's Eye* he sought ways to facilitate connections and intellectual exchange at the College. Initially, his tiny journal—only two to four typed and mimeographed pages—was meant to stimulate conversation, to open up unexplored avenues of thought and to invite greater awareness about the College as a center for learning. Charlie also felt the College needed a journal of quality that would provide a writing platform for faculty and others at the school who too often were laboring under heavy course loads and responsibilities, with little time for extensive academic study; one that offered an opportunity to explore ideas germinated in the classroom or to share intellectual pursuits that might not find an academic niche, but were nonetheless worthy of publication. As he wrote to a friend:

A writer whose name I forgot said that most writers sat down at the typewriter to find out if they have anything to say. That, I guess, is what started *The Mind's Eye*—along with one simple standard: to be one cut above the drivel level. The objectives are to share the good things of the mind and to help develop any potential writers there may be on campus. (to Stuart C. Henry, December 31, 1980)

Charlie's idea caught on, received praise and financial support from the school administration, and within a few years evolved into a multi-issue (three or four per year), twelve- to fourteen-page printed copy. The little journal was

# The Mind's Eye

Volume 5                      Number 2

NORTH ADAMS STATE COLLEGE

*The Mind's Eye is a journal of review and comment  
published four times during the college year at North  
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December 1980

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3

**Television Commercials and American Values**

While the dollar cost of television advertising is enormously high, the real price is the confusion between images of the world as it is and as commercials would have viewers think it is.

VERSE

*Charles Mclsaac*

5

**Teacher**

REVIEW

*Ellen Schiff*

6

**Looking over the Score: Arthur Miller's *Playing for Time***

With some scratches, Miller survives the toughest dramatic challenge of our time, the Holocaust.

COMMENT

*Stephen A. Green  
and Charles Mclsaac*

2

**The Editor's File**

**Moral Majority, Inc.**

Politicized evangelism, joined with the national conservative trend, could hobble freedom of thought and inhibit bona fide education.

well-honed and aesthetically pleasing to the eye; diverse and interesting to read. *The New Yorker* magazine was Charlie's standard (certainly "one cut above the drivel level"!), and the small, meticulously crafted editions certainly did justice to their model.

But, as with every new enterprise, there were growing pains. In March 1977, just three months after the first issue, Charlie sent a copy to Marge Weil and lamented: "This is the little publication which ran aground with its first issue and had to be refloated as 'prospectus issues.'" Not clear in his own mind about the purpose or future of his efforts, Charlie set out a step-by-step evolution for the project which proved to be very prescient:

In its most elemental form it [*The Mind's Eye*] is a current awareness thing which a library properly puts out, if someone on the staff has the time and interest. At a little higher level it is a campus publication through which people in the various disciplines share current developments with the general campus community. That is what we are aiming at right now. If that works, it might later become a little journal of comment as well as review, a vehicle for incipient writers. (Letter to Marge Weil, March 2, 1977)

Charlie worked diligently to achieve the result to which he aspired. He had a driving conviction that the campus needed *The Mind's Eye*, especially its faculty. In this regard, his correspondence is revealing once more:

That controverted dilemma, Publish or Perish, has been responsible for bequeathing some very good things on the world, but it has also created an endless flow of noisome, useless junk, which has caused the cutting down of many trees and the filling up of precious library space. An academic who is not forced to write may, in a relaxed atmosphere, find himself with things to say. (Weil, *Ibid.*)

I was one of those "academics," who, far from relaxed, nonetheless found himself with "things to say." Looking back on my career now, I realize how much I am indebted to Charlie and his brainchild. I am not really speaking about being the present journal's managing editor from 1997 to 2003, which was itself a wonderful honor and professional opportunity. Rather, I am responding to Charlie's insight about the need many of us had for a way to share ideas born out of our academic study and introduced through our teaching, which might not have had a vehicle for expression in print had it not been for *The Mind's Eye*.



Since that first meeting in 1972, Charlie and I had become good friends. He was someone with whom one could share personal as well as professional concerns. I was struggling at the time to finish and publish a book on the post-World War I Red Scare in the United States and had an obsession with the subject of political hysteria that the book enterprise did not encompass. During the spring of 1975, I wrote a series of articles on Watergate for the college newspaper—the abuse of power by the Nixon Administration recalling the fear-based political repression in our country after the first and second world wars.

One day I walked into Charlie's library office and, sitting at his desk with a copy of one of my Watergate pieces in front of him (red pencil marks on the paper denoting a grammatical glitch or two), he nodded his approval as he gestured toward the piece. He had discovered a writer for his journal. It was my great good fortune that he discovered me. Subsequently, I wrote articles on First Amendment issues that found their way into the pages of *The Mind's Eye*: excerpts from an interview I had done with the founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, Roger Nash Baldwin (October 1978); a piece featuring Sacco and Vanzetti to help mark the fiftieth anniversary of their execution (September 1977); and another focused on a contemporary incident in Skokie, Illinois, involving a demonstration by members of the American Nazi Party (April 1978). This last piece proved to be somewhat controversial and rejoinders appeared in the journal; several, including my article, were reprinted in the *North Adams Transcript* (April 19, 1978). Charlie became the editor for a number of other Civil Rights pieces I wrote involving court cases and administrative law, that were published in academic or professional journals. This is the way Charlie worked and how his generosity with time and genuine interest drew many of us into his fold.

The 1977-78 academic year was a good one for the journal: five issues for a total of forty-four pages that included sixteen articles, ten reviews and twenty-eight "notes and abstracts." With a bit of foreboding mixed with confidence, Charlie concluded his yearly report to the *Mind's Eye* editorial board: "We are all in the middle [of the world's challenges] in our separate ways and have to cast about to make sense of it. Which is where literature comes from and its little twigs, the *Mind's Eye*." (*Mind's Eye Yearly Report*, 1977-78; McIsaac to "the editors." June 28, 1978)

Up to this point, the journal was the product of Freel Library. Charlie solicited, received and edited the pieces; wrote the editorials and oversaw the

typing and copying of the journal. In the editorials he found an outlet for his passions about social responsibility, the environment and the value of state higher education. His editing was meticulous and always helped an author achieve a much better result. Charlie once told me that he had to “own” a piece of writing, adopt the perspective of its author, in order to edit as he might one of his own articles. This personal approach, however admirable and valuable for the fortunate beneficiaries, was limited in terms of staff and financial means for an enterprise that seemed ready to take off. So, in the fall of 1979 when the administration offered some incentives that included a typeset format of the journal to support an issue examining higher education, Charlie leaped at the opportunity. His challenge was to solicit articles from at least three experts on the subject, which he successfully did. In October the first professionally printed copy of *The Mind's Eye* was published.

Charlie's concerns about the quality of the content—“an acceptable looking typescript may lay an egg in print” (Letter to Elaine Jones, November 9, 1979)—were unfounded, but sniping around the edges of the issue's success proved unsettling, especially for Charlie who had such a personal connection to the journal.

One reader protested that the journal's article on state higher education, written by an expert in the field at another academic institution, could have been done better by someone in the College's Education Department. (Jones, Elaine. Letter to McIsaac, October 21, 1979) Stung, Charlie's rejoinder echoed his frustration in trying to solicit articles from NASC faculty. Uncharacteristically, he fired a broadside in response: “the intellectual talent to which you allude on this campus is locked up. We are looking for the keys.” (McIsaac to Jones, November 9, 1979)

Nonetheless, the journal was now a state-wide publication with a budget and a mission. The following year, 1980, a good one for *The Mind's Eye*, proved; however, to be a high water mark for the fledgling journal. Thereafter, Charlie's energy and that of the board members seemed to fall elsewhere. His was a battle with a debilitating illness that led to retirement in 1984. As associate editor, I was asked to take on the editorship, but declined, being fully engaged with a graduate program in the history of art that I had begun in the fall of 1983. After Charlie left the College, a few more excellent issues were published thanks to the efforts of dedicated board members, professors Ellen Schiff and Harris Elder, but without Charlie's commitment and effort, the journal wilted and was suspended in 1989.

With a strong push from an editorial board member, then Vice President of Academic Affairs Steve Green, and pressure from other board members and former contributors—especially Professor Meera Tamaya—the College, in 1997 established the current *Mind's Eye*, which has carried forth Charlie's legacy. Thanks in large part to the prior journal's palpable success, the administration has given this recent version its full support, including an ample budget; first, to create a sixty-four page issue semiannually. In 2006 the journal adopted its present format, an annual publication of ninety-six pages. It now is larger and more professionally based, with the layout skills of Leon Peters and, until recent years, the copy editing of Arlene Bouras, but *The Mind's Eye* still works as a publication for the College and is quite content to do so.

Looking back, we are beholden to the vision and effort of all those who have nurtured this journal of quality and interest. And here we include our more recent editors and board members, especially professors Bill Montgomery and Frances Jones-Sneed, who have intermittently carried the editorial torch for the past eleven years (Professor Dale Fink served as guest editor for 2013 edition and, earlier, Professor Sumi Colligan stepped in for me as managing editor in the spring of 2000). And finally, all of us who have been part of this extraordinary process can appreciate in a concluding vignette the soul searching of the man who brought *The Mind's Eye* into being.

In January 1979, after an apparent dearth of submissions to the journal (no issue in the fall 1978), Charlie was in a reflective, despondent mood as he articulated his concerns in a letter to Steve Green. Under the heading *Problems of The Mind's Eye*:

- We are malfunctioning, malfunctioning, and nonfunctioning
- We should pin down the reasons. Are they time, will, talent or what? Are we overly ambitious?

These comments certainly were made in a time of stress and have fortunately not been proven by time. However, the last question still holds a place in the thinking of many of us. "Are we overly ambitious?": is the venture worth the effort? Can we justify putting out a journal that is, in Charlie's words: "A vehicle for ideas, thought, creation, good writing which may or may not be good enough to be a contribution to the world's work, to education, art and culture?" (McIsaac to Green, January 23, 1979) Let the response to these questions be a final tribute to the man whose labor in birthing this

journal was exhilarating, rewarding and often very hard. In this, I turn to Martha Graham's oft-quoted letter to Agnes DeMille:

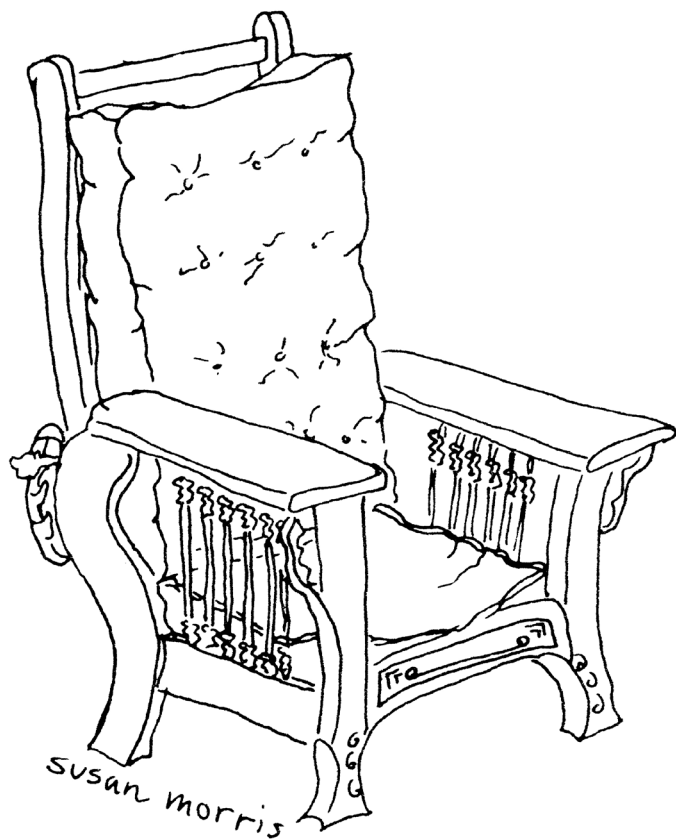
There is a vitality, a life force, a quickening that is translated through you into action . . . And if you block it, it will never exist through any other medium and be lost. . . .

It is not your business to determine how good it is, nor how valuable it is, nor how it compares with other expressions. . . .

There is no satisfaction whatever at any time. There is only a queer, divine dissatisfaction: a blessed unrest that keeps us marching and makes us more alive than others.

*The Mind's Eye* continues to realize the vision in the mind of its first editor. It has been, and continues to be, more than "worth the effort."

*Letters quoted are from the correspondence of Charles McIsaac, located in the Freel Library, Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, North Adams, MA. Articles referred to in the text can be found at [mcla.libguides.com/localhistory/mindseye](http://mcla.libguides.com/localhistory/mindseye).*



"Spot Illustration," by Susan Morris, 1980

# Remembering Buffy

BY CHARLES McISAAC

—1983

**B**uffy died July 2, 1982. His kidneys, we were told, had stopped functioning, he ate practically nothing, and his weight fell from ten pounds to four. Our hearts ached watching him fade away.

He was our beloved friend for twelve years. A wonderfully self-contained cat, he seemed to know much more than he let on, which gave us a special feeling about him. We fancied he understood every word we said, but he kept his own counsel in the way of a proper cat, and we will not know until the next world what he really thought about things. We always spoke to him tenderly and respectfully as befitted his dignity and never talked about him in his absence except in tones at which, if he were present, he would not take offense. He spent a lot of time out of the house discharging his mouse patrol duties in the meadow. (He learned early in life not to range too far, after the local fox chased him out of there one sunny afternoon.)

In summer he would leave early in the morning, returning at noon for a snack and an afternoon's nap on one of his beds (there are six in the house, and all were his). Around five o'clock he would go out again until nine or ten or eleven, depending on the volume of business or on what other mysterious interests the night held. Between times, if we were sitting on the porch, he would appear and spend a convivial few minutes with us. These visits were a special benison for which we were duly grateful—a rest between his labors and an extra chance for us to admire his grace and beauty.



Buffy was not what you call an affectionate cat. He would be more accurately described as purposeful. He did, however, make a regular concession to sentiment, especially in winter. Every evening between eight-thirty and nine he would thump down from upstairs on his four double paws, hop up into his mistress's lap, and spend an hour or two helping her read the newspaper or a book, or do her school work. He was very keen on this and hardly ever forgot. It made a great bond between them which she sorely misses. Naturally, she is quite sad. And so am I because I held him in great esteem. He had all the assurance and insouciance which I want for myself but have failed to achieve in a lifetime of striving.

We laid him to rest in his meadow wrapped in the indigo towel with which we used to pat him dry when he came in from the rain—it was right that it should be his shroud. His eyes were open a tiny crack, the way they were when he used to peek at us when we thought he was asleep. It is comforting to glance up there and murmur a soft greeting, remembering with a pang our joyful ebullience when we came home of evenings and he “materialized” out of the shadows to do welcoming roll-overs in the driveway.

Knowing he is not here any more comes to us in bits and pieces. We cannot give him up in one leap. Love is not like that. We loved him dearly.

We are grateful that he came into this house, a blue-eyed buff and white kitten who added riches to our lives. He has taken a part of us with him, and we are diminished. We have let him go, but we cannot forget.

*These lines were written a month after Buffy left us. He is still missed.  
His “sister,” Ginger, a female dog, died August 6, 1983, of heart disease.  
Ginger was thirteen; she came to us in 1970, in the same week as Buffy.  
They were great friends. Now they lie side by side in the meadow.*

# Waiting for the Trolley

BY MIRIAM LEADER

—1981

We stepped out of Molly's Bakery  
Between a day-old chocolate whoopee pie  
And a wrinkly Danish pastry  
You began to sprinkle your salt and peppered bird's-nest beard  
With bright yellow crumbs  
    And the mother bird brushed them off with her wing feathers  
We sauntered along the avenue looking  
For spring in the Last Elm Tree  
Thinking that Spring Street in Williamstown  
Is not a psychedelic deodorized heap  
Where you lose your face, and the money  
is pizazzed from your pocket by neon jazz

We wait on the corner for ten minutes and nothing  
Happens at all. . .

*Hark! the trolley car is coming, Herb  
Hear it go rattle-clang along the tracks  
Like the open car to the Zoo in Cincinnati, remember?  
Herb, get out there and wave it down  
Or they'll never stop for us. . .*

The motorman jumped the tracks in 1938  
We'll never see that trolley again.  
Never mind, here comes the bus  
Berkshire Regional Transit Authority, 18-long, 25C for old-timers

Bumping along on Route 2 to North Adams,  
I'm scribbling this struggling poem  
While the old streetcar driver  
Keeps one eye  
On the bumper crop of blondes.

# North End

BY WHITEFORD COLE

—1979

See the olive oil from Calabria in red and gold tins,  
spiced sausages hanging intestinally,  
dried cod stacked like cordwood,  
bouquets of oregano, sage, and basil,  
kegs of black olives swimming in brine,  
squid, octopus, thighs of prosciutto  
at Grassano's Produce Store.  
Bands of men gesticulate on corners,  
while couples toy in the Cantina Italiana.  
And Joe Rezuto the bookie cruises by,  
turquoise Rolls, cigar-smiling,  
and a bleached secretary.  
Mafioso, they say,  
mainstay of the Cardinal's charities,  
he sends American dollars  
to people back home.

# Hillside Cemetery North Adams

BY HERSCHEL SHOHAN

—1980

News from here is utterly unlikely.  
This matter goes further than words, really,  
                    nugatory yatting of language, keys.  
Place, silence are words.  
This place cannot hold them, this escape  
No.

                    Weathers,  
snows, the rain of Saturdays, Monday's rare sky  
  out of bounds.

What is the end of this spatter of light,  
this flicker of syllables that recedes?  
But for us it does not recede, this boundary.  
Sense and syntax counter, give weight and point to  
This gesture, this posture, these random posts  
That gather our confusion, generating this hillside lean,  
This falling over, this odd-angled sowing.  
Something wide seems pinned down here  
With stone pins. The marble and granite shafts  
To pierce something, though not the thing  
In pieces around us. Its signs are  
White words spoken and spoken  
Tablets with a finger-end  
Roundness, a blank kneeling angel on its stock signaling  
A transition dumb to a live ear, a music of possibilities  
Going on.  
Going on  
We lean toward a finickyness, fragile invention:  
There's a solitude, meantime, that moves  
Is moved  
finally.

# Wednesday, Four O'clock

BY ABBOT CUTLER

—1997

In the underground room the writer  
stops talking. Someone asks a question  
about markets. Someone uses the words  
“formula,” “agent,” “distribution.” Owls  
fly up, their talons scraping the white  
plaster walls. It becomes difficult  
to hear. A fly goes around and around  
the light fixture. Saxophones  
start up and fail. Spitballs  
that dried on the ceiling in the seventies  
fall off without any sound. An old man  
who has been dozing in the fifth row  
is startled awake, gets to his feet,  
asks, “What are those mushrooms  
that come up by the old stump  
after two days of rain?” No one  
answers.

Walking to the car we remember the dog  
we’ve been feeding for years.  
What is his name?

## The Note

BY PAUL MILENSKI

—1997

Tuesday, May 6, the prediction—a severe rain storm and emergent cold front, but at noon the sun was shining, so I grabbed worms, hip boots, pole, and creel for trout fishing.

I left a note to Beverly: “Walking to the falls, fishing the brook down to Cleveland Road. Be home about 3:00.”

We had talked about these notes, why I should leave them when I wandered off into wilderness. My contention was they were superfluous. Hers was that in tragedy it would save her the agony of uncertainty: she could send a search team to ascertain death.

I crossed Route #9, walked past Dalton Tractor, up the dirt road to Wahconah Falls State Park, down the steep path to the falls.

I was alone, and though I intended to begin fishing farther downstream, I stepped into the end-race of the beautiful falls pool just to imagine I was the first to locate this pristine spot.

Wet with spray, and thus christened, I climbed up the bank and walked a winding downstream path.

When I stopped to fish, I was about a quarter mile from Cleveland Road, in a steep valley. Below me I viewed a small field, where a herd of red and white Hereford grazed silently.



Sometimes, I prefer worm fishing over lures or flies; my childhood is thus recollected and I repeat the challenge of the primitive angler.

I cast into a long, deep run along a clay bank. I did not get a strike.

I moved downstream, cast into a pool with a big rock. Again, nothing.

I moved further downstream. The herd of Hereford turned and stared.

“Hello, cows,” I said.

Thus reassured, the cattle dropped their gaze and grazed again.

I cast into a riffle, saw a trout’s opaque green form rise to shun my bait. It appeared thus: a slow day when fish are lethargic. I cast again, stared above and around me at nature’s scenery.

Then, of a sudden, I heard thunder and saw dark, ominous clouds rush into the valley. A wild bolt of lightning flashed. More lightning, cold rain, then pebble-size hail.

The Herefords stampeded into a gully under saplings. Robins, cat birds, sparrows, chick-a-dees came spiraling past in a roaring wind.

I was knee deep in the river, my fishing rod a beacon for lightning, a single large oak over arching.

I exited the water, ran wildly through lightning flashes toward a steep bank.

I dropped my pole and crawled underneath a large deadfall, into a coffin hole in the earth.

Viewed from indoors, a storm is placid. Outdoors, amidst lightning and thunder and hail stones hard as pebbles, one clearly understands primitive man’s respect for nature.

A pair of titmice flew from a berry patch, perched near my feet on a little branch under the deadfall. They twittered, preened feathers nervously.

The wind spiralled tornado-like; brush, branches, and wet leaves spun about; hail cascaded as if thrown down from the sky.

A tree was struck by lightning. I smelled sulphur, and a large branch cracked and fell. Because I was already under a tree, the irony of my note to Beverly became evident—if another fell on top of me, who could possibly find me?

I counted between flashes and the lightning strike. One . . . two . . . three. Then just two, then one.

I pulled my jacket over my head, curled my legs to my chest, pressed deeply into the muddy earth.

It seemed I waited hours, the lightning flashing, the freight trains of

thunder, the wind spiralling, until the storm settled into a steady rain.

When the titmice left, I scraped myself out from my tomb, retrieved my fish pole, and began walking. I humbly trudged up a hillside from the river valley, walked across a corn field toward home.

"I'm home," I offered when I slogged in.

"I saw your note," Beverly said.

"It wouldn't have made any difference," I said.

"I'm sorry, what's that?" She asked.

And it isn't until now that I respond: "The note is indeed superfluous. I rode out a violent storm where nature sends its own search team—twittering titmice, and depending on the depth of one's compression into the earth, friendly wriggling worms and burrowing moles."

# First Bird from *Life Birds*

(for R.T.P.)

BY MARK DANIEL MILLER

—1998

“Loon!” I cried, half crazy as one, “Loon! Loon!”  
No bird on golden pond, either.  
No Walden loon.  
Pursued by paddle  
Over the smooth surface  
Like a Cheshire checker  
In a lunatic checker game.  
 (“Suddenly your adversary’s checker  
Disappears beneath the board,  
And the problem is  
To place yours nearest to where his  
Will appear again.”)  
No, this bird bobbed  
In the mop-water chop  
Off Rockport, in Aransas Bay;  
Was dwarfed  
By the grey immensity  
Of sea and sky;  
Was silent:  
No weird, unearthly yodel  
Or maniacal laugh.  
Yet there it was,  
The black and white checkered back (source  
Of the checkerboard metaphor  
In Thoreau)  
Stark and unmistakable;  
The bird (now rapidly receding from view)  
As small and plain  
As the small, plain, black and white illustration  
In my new bird book:

Roger Tory Peterson's  
*A Field Guide to the Birds*  
of Texas.

(The loon I had mainly known until then  
Was foreign—at least to me.

It was the lavishly-painted, L. L. Bean loon  
In the first plate  
Of the beginner's guide from Golden.

I can still see it:

The wary stare  
Of the bold red eye  
Fixing the viewer;  
The black head,  
With its faint green sheen  
And daggerlike bill,  
Contrasting sharply  
With the pale background:

Water whitening  
Towards a distant shore;  
The shore

A steep jut  
Of pale grey rock,  
Topped by a spiring line  
Of deep green fir;  
Beyond the fir, a pastel sky  
Of softest aquamarine;

A nearer jut  
Of fir-topped rock  
In the middle distance,  
The brown and green  
Reflected

Brokenly  
In the intimate small waters  
Of the cove or pond;

A watery mirror  
Of the bird itself  
In the immediate foreground,

The reflected image  
Blurred by the rolling, concentric ripples  
Emanating  
From the real thing,  
The ripples dividing  
The glassy surface  
Into broad, expanding rings  
Of green and blue;  
And in one small spot  
On the bird's back,  
A white illuminescence  
From the white checks  
So bright,  
It fuzzes the edges  
Of the black:  
The sheen  
Of the soft white sun  
In that Northern sky.  
I can still see it,  
But the loon I was seeing then  
Was the loon I had just been taught to see  
By Peterson:  
The loon right there  
Before my eyes.)

"Loon!" I cried Above the engine's din,  
The spray's white hiss,  
The tympany of wind about my ears.  
"Loon! Loon!"  
And all who were not already there  
Rushed abaft,  
Rushed astern where  
A big American flag  
Whipped and popped  
And the trailing crowd of Laughters  
Yukked it up.  
The passengers were mostly elderly, And very kindly, And took pity

On me, my brothers, and my dad;  
For there we were,  
Ill-clad and ill-equipped,  
Obvious novices  
On the M.V. Whooping Crane.  
(Poor Scouts—though Scouts all,  
Either present or past—  
We were not prepared  
For the rawness of the wind,  
The fierceness of the blast;  
And the most powerful optical equipment we had  
Was the telephoto lens—I don't recall  
What "X"—on the turret  
Of Dad's old movie camera:  
The solid, 8mm, Bell-and-Howell wind-up.  
I had that,  
Mounted on the spidery tripod.  
We didn't even have a pair of binoculars!—  
Only the stubby pair of opera glasses  
I had received a few years back.  
Nevertheless, I saw  
The loon—I was always  
A good spotter—  
And, like the catechist  
About to say his catechism  
Or the bar mitzvah  
About to read his text,  
I was nervous but excited,  
Confident of my abilities,  
And ready  
To sing out  
The name.)

"Loon!" I cried,  
My heart pounding.  
"Loon! Loon!"  
And all the elders on the boat



Came flocking around me,  
Took a look for themselves,  
And confirmed;  
Then, they congratulated me  
On my sighting:  
“Good spotting!” they said,  
Or “Good bird!”

I was thirteen.  
It was April 7th, 1968,  
The National Day of Mourning  
For Dr. King.  
(And what was Mom thinking  
As she read the Sunday papers  
While she waited for us  
Back at the Sea Gun Inn?)

During the several years that I had been birding  
Seriously, I had started my life-list  
All over again  
Several times; for the more I learned.  
The more I would eventually come to doubt  
The validity of certain sightings  
And, doubting part,  
Would eventually so derogate  
The whole  
That—characteristically—I yearned  
For a fresh beginning,  
A new start.

Since “Loon, Common”  
Was the first bird  
On the A. O. U. Checklist  
(A serendipitous neatness);  
Since I expected to list  
A lot of birds  
On this trip to Aransas

(And did: 49 the first day—  
Including the Whooper—  
Another dozen the next);  
And especially since, with this bird,  
I felt I had made it—  
Felt I had finally been initiated  
Into the cult  
Of the full-fledged birder—  
I decided again,  
Right then and there,  
To start my life-list  
From scratch.

Or, rather, I decided to start With this:

1. Common Loon  
Aransas Bay (from the M.V. 4/7/68  
*Whooping Crane*), Aransas  
County, Texas

“Loon!” I had cried, half crazy as one,  
“Loon! Loon!”  
And as I watched it—  
A checkered flag afloat—  
Rollercoaster over  
The waves of our wake,  
I felt that, while I had won  
One race, another  
Had just begun.



*Loon*, Lino-cut by Leon Peters

# Buying Eggs at the Half Way House

JAN MYSKOWSKI

—1998

The moon rolls onto the shoulder  
Of the ridge, the December  
Grasses, sheathed in frost,  
Glisten like fiber optics, transmitting  
The kinetic solar wind to be stored  
By the dormant roots

Peter lives in a half  
Way house with neat clapboards  
And a brown board barn, where,  
Retarded, he and the others  
Carry on a road side trade in  
Fresh eggs and painted bird  
Houses, advertised on plywood signs  
That bend when it rains

We first met Peter when  
New friends from church  
Helped us move and brought  
Their nephew along.  
I remember feeling ashamed  
Not wanting him to grab  
Boxes marked fragile

Whenever he sees us on the road  
He yells outrageously, “hello,”  
But he yells not to us as individuals,  
Not for us as the remembered,  
He yells the same at the attendant  
Standing numbly by—all day long

Once I saw him coasting  
Down hill on a bicycle,  
The spokes of the wheels  
Chasing themselves around the hubs,  
His arms rigid on the  
Bars, and his face  
Wrenched between ecstasy and fear

Another time I stopped for  
Eggs and my knock brought  
Him splashing toward the door,  
Through the glass I watched  
The attendant push him back,  
His arms still flailing and clutching

I'd like to believe that Peter  
Gathers the eggs we buy  
From the hutches himself, the  
Struggle must make his thick  
Lips tremble, and the chords and  
Tendons of his arm show as  
He restrains his fingers,  
I'd like to see those thin-shelled  
Successes come to rest in the cartons

The June grasses grow  
A green brighter than fire—  
Perennial, everywhere,  
Between the ruts in the wood road,  
From the cleft of a stone.

# Markers

BY DAVID RAFFELD

—1999

At the cemetery  
I see my landlord's last name  
on one of the gravestones and remember  
my rent is due.



# Aphorism for the Literal

(at Natural Bridge, North Adams, Massachusetts)

BY DAVID RAFFELD

—1999

Here is an original carving  
where a revision in stone  
is literally a waste of time.

# At a Family Reunion in Hawley

BY MARY KENNAN HERBERT

—1999

a sacrament  
here are snippets  
guarded conversations  
memories wrapped in an uncomfortable foil  
slings and arrows   ethnic jokes  
fraternal barbs in profusion  
tenderness well hidden   love restrained  
passion denied  
what else shall I list  
in this beach-stained album  
full of our many photographs  
your children and mine  
line them all up according to size and age  
dress them all in souvenir tee-shirts  
so I can use up rolls of film  
get everybody's mug for eternity   don't move  
here you will be in a super-size print  
I share the negatives with one and all  
I will send prints to all on the family  
tree but by the time you read this  
half of us are divorced and half of us are dead  
there are no guarantees  
but grandma hugs us again and again  
every time we show home movies and here we are  
doing this family thing   knowing the uselessness  
and possible blessings of these chronicles

# The Smooth-Flowing Cursive Forms of Childhood

BY ROSEMARY STARACE

—1999

The big blue ball is a big blue “O.”  
The big blue ball is a big blue “O.”

These are the words  
that came into the child’s mind  
upon waking—  
when the doorknobs and dressers and her dear toys  
began whispering in the failing darkness,  
making themselves again distinct from night;  
when the ball,  
new and so impossibly big  
and flat  
in the half-light,  
yet somehow aglow,  
commanded her sleepy vision.

It was as big as a world, she knew.  
A ball as big as the world,  
an “O” as big as the world.  
She understood that she could hug an “O” like that,  
wrap her body around it  
so completely  
that her hands could meet her feet;  
yes, the ball would fill her so completely  
that she, too, would become a sphere, a circle, an “O.”

And out of this swelling feeling,  
she began to make other small round shapes  
with her fingers and her hands,  
little “O” children bouncing and prancing

on the pillows,  
sporting with each other—  
Then, by some exuberant, if small, miracle  
(which she would never question),  
her knowledge formed itself into a sound—  
a sound so round,  
so eager to be spoken and admired,  
so proud,  
that, like a ping-pong ball,  
it popped right out of her mouth:  
“Oh!”

Now the sun was peeking in,  
cue for mommy-dear,  
who, each day, would arrive quietly  
and peer around the door frame,  
revealing first her eyes,  
then her smile,  
and finally her whole self with arms outstretched  
like beams of light.  
“Time to get up, sweetheart!”  
And there would be a big round hug  
(like two links joining in a chain),  
and a promise of Cheerios  
or pancakes.

# Ed's Barn

BY CYNTHIA RICHARDSON

—1999

The field across the road,  
The tall pines at its crest,  
The distant sky mercurial,  
And Ed's old barn  
Were fixtures in the landscape  
Of all my middle years.

The barn decayed at glacial pace.  
A board pulled loose one year,  
And honeysuckle scaled the walls  
Which then began to lean and cant.  
A tired door escaped its hinge  
And foxes burrowed under beams.

Each little change provoked a little shock,  
But soon the slightly altered barn  
Became the norm, as last year's  
Barn became to last year's me.

The barn collapsed one winter night.  
A snow too many got it down.  
I feared its different silhouette,  
Its store of rotten hay exposed.  
But soon the ruined barn became  
My lodestar fixed and true.

The night it burned, I watched  
The fire through the chilly pane  
And saw my face in flames.

# The Death of Chekhov

BY PETER FILKINS

—1999

When Chekhov knew there was no longer any hope,  
his body shot, his lungs reduced to bloody rags,  
he cried “Ich sterbe!” to his German doctor,  
who did the only sensible thing he could think of

and ordered champagne. Slowly the glass emptied,  
Olga looking on. A large black-winged moth  
battered a smoky lampshade, the evening sultry  
in Badenweiler, yet another spa promising cure.

“It’s been so long since I’ve had champagne,”  
whispered Chekhov as the moth slid out a window,  
another bottle popped its cork, and the great writer  
turned on his side and soon ceased breathing.

“There were no human voices, no everyday sounds.  
There was only beauty, peace, the grandeur of death,”  
Olga later reported, sitting up the whole night through  
to study her husband’s face, now serene and knowing.

Later that day the usual arrangements were made,  
the body transported by train back to Moscow,  
a huge crowd there to greet it, a dirty green van  
marked “Oysters” having brought it from the station.

Which is to say nothing of Gorky’s sense of outrage  
at such vulgarity, or that the crowd mistakenly followed  
the coffin of a General Keller, killed in Manchuria,  
thinking a military band seemed right for the occasion,

as two lawyers debated the intelligence of their dogs,  
a woman with a parasol smiled at the constable,  
and Chekhov's mother pronounced his only eulogy:  
"What a calamity has struck us. Antosha is no more."

# I Seldom Think of You

BY STEPHEN PHILBRICK

—2001

I seldom think of you.  
I walk out upon you,  
Breathe within you,  
Beat your blood.

I never remember you.  
Every member, every cockle finger,  
Every part I could lose, every part I can't,  
Is you.

I made children after you  
And thrilled with loss.  
And lost the resemblance  
As they grew into it.

I never call your name.  
No fish in the ocean says "water."  
I hear it, wave on wave, stone on stone,  
The storm beyond the surface.

I seldom think of you;  
All I do is touch you.  
Pain is no lesson, joy is no less.  
I live you now, others will later.



# An Act of Contrition

BY EILEEN GLOSTER

—2001

My kneeling daughter has no use  
For faith: She sees angels in snow;  
Knows God as surely as the spruce  
That spirals blue beyond her window.  
When night folds its wings around her tree,  
She prays to God, her confidant, and friend:  
“I am so sorry for having offended thee,”  
So sweetly sure of someone to offend.  
And I fold my hands to offer praise  
For snow that falls like grace on barren trees,  
Strain to feel the sureness of those days  
When God blessed every single sneeze,  
But like old Dostoyevsky’s tongue-tied fraud  
Can stammer only, “I—I shall believe in God.”

# Wellfleet at Low Tide

BY COLIN HARRINGTON

—2001

We feel the drag of the sea and the  
horizon in the shallows. Farther  
out, the continental shelf drops off.  
Perilous in waves up to his chest,  
a man in waders is casting.  
We go out to meet him at the surf,  
walking over the ocean floor  
through slippery rocks and boulders.  
We turn to measure our distance  
from the contours of land and  
shrinking people. The farther  
out on the slippery flats we go,  
the keener our sense of belonging there,  
hugging the tide drawn  
over the world, dissolved  
in the rounding sound of the sea.

# The Carpenter

BY BEN JACQUES

—2001

Grampa Durrell worked long by touch and sight  
Knowing each kind of wood by hue and grain.  
He measured close so all would come out right.

To mark each piece, each board's width and height,  
He used a fold-up, bass-wood rule; took pains  
To saw, join and sand by touch and sight.

His tools survive: hand drills that curl and bite  
Into the wood—chisels, squares and planes  
That seem today to fit my hands just right.

So do his gifts: tables, dressers, joints still tight,  
A pine doll cradle with a cherry stain,  
A great-granddaughter's now for touch and sight.

In the Spanish-American War he missed the fight,  
Got dysentery and couldn't avenge the Maine.  
But things have a way of turning out all right.

We keep his lieutenant's sword, the blade still bright,  
But use the fold-up rule again and again,  
Reminding us to learn by touch and sight,  
Measuring close so all will come out right.

# The One Who's Writing This

BY ANNA M. WARROCK

—2001

*I don't know who's writing this, him or me.*

—Jorge Luis Borges

I know who you are, you're the one  
standing screaming at the window  
of this sentence, demanding to be let  
into this poem. You grab the pen,  
bend the inflection, wring the pitch  
of the pauses. Silence was captivity, abuse—  
now you won't be still. You spit out  
the alphabet like orders A B C J O L E S U M .  
Grabbing the table, securing my papers,  
I try to distract you: Did I ask you to interfere?  
You hurl it back: Who asked you?  
You begin to chant, drowning out objects,  
designs, purposes. The black and white  
floor tiles look like gamblers' chits,  
then shatter into mosaics that spell out  
my first name and dissolve, as the curtains  
age in minutes, become threadbare, shred  
right off the rods. Keep it plain, let go, you  
shout, until I surrender everything,  
my dentist appointment, the calendar, electricity,  
until I'm forced onto the road where no one and  
nothing harkens to my deliberate identity.  
You've won. Here. This is yours.

# Indian Territory

BY SARA LITTLECROW-RUSSELL

—2002

## *Part I—Smells*

Horse shit drying on work boots,  
Sweetgrass and dollar cigarettes  
curling into aromatic spirals,  
Old star blankets releasing  
their stale mustiness into body heat,  
Slow-cooked commodity beans  
bubbling on a cast-iron stove,  
A warm road-kill deer being butchered  
on the kitchen floor.

## *Part II—Tastes*

Old pots and pans brewing coffee  
tasting faintly of tinfoil,  
Raw beef kidneys  
dissolving slowly  
like gamy Jell-O,  
Melted, stolen candy bars  
sweeter than the tiny wild berries  
that grow between the rusty cars.

## *Part III—Sounds*

A truck engine  
grinds over and over,  
Fry bread sizzles in hot lard,  
An owl shrieks across the valley,  
High-voltage wires hum a lullaby,  
Bottles clink in the living room,  
Soon there are thuds against the wall  
as the fighting begins.

# Grief

BY MIRIAM O'NEAL

—2003

is like sea monkeys  
you buy from ads in Marvels—  
comes dry, needs water.  
Sometimes

getting the paper  
I feel it on my skin

like the chafe of wind rising,  
or see it whole

between two blinks—  
an oak leaf struck midspin

by a mote.  
Sometimes it settles

like the crows  
in the tamarack in winter

calling its own name,  
then silent—

entranced  
by its own squall.



*Woodcock*, Lino-cut by Leon Peters, from the spring 1998 cover

# Big Rock Candy Mountain

BY KATHERINE HOLLANDER

—2003

Listening to this recording I imagine you  
standing on the clanking metal between the cars  
singing this song to yourself as you piss  
out of the train and into the greenish-black night.  
Oh, the buzzing of the bees and the cigarette trees,  
you croon, lingering over the little streams of alcohol  
that wet this land where the boxcars all are empty  
and the farmers' barns are full of hay, where the bulldogs  
all have rubber teeth and the policemen have wooden legs. . . .

I think of you washing out your fragile underwear, your  
disintegrating socks, in a creek, your eyes a little red,  
the battered, hollow-cheeked flask swinging  
in the pocket next to your heart, your cuticles smudged,  
your back shimmering with grime, the short, sharp gold hairs  
thrusting up through the skin of your face; singing mindlessly  
to yourself, knotting snares together from string and the stiff  
straws of the field, hoping for a ground-bird or a squirrel for supper,  
your tongue on the loosening tooth at the back of your mouth.  
And then, under a gray sky like a withered balloon, just beginning  
to spit rain, you lope after the train and swing yourself aboard,



slumping into the grainy darkness,  
settling yourself among the bags of rice,  
or the toothy machine parts,  
or the bloody sides of meat,  
singing, settling back to chew your cheek  
and think of me, my hands  
on the soft, floured flesh of biscuit dough,  
my belly fetching up against the warm  
marble countertop in the kitchen of the rich.

*For John Coakley*

# The Man in the Yard

BY HOWARD NELSON

—2005

My father told me once  
that when he was about twenty  
he had a new girlfriend, and once  
they stopped by the house on the way  
to somewhere, just a quick stop  
to pick something up,  
and my grandfather, who wasn't well—  
it turned out he had TB and would die  
at fifty-two—was sitting in a chair  
in the small backyard, my father  
knew he was out there, and it crossed  
his mind that he should take his girlfriend  
out back to meet him, but he  
didn't, whether for embarrassment  
at the sick, fading man  
or just because he was in a hurry  
to be off on his date, he didn't  
say, but he told the little,  
uneventful story anyway, and said  
that he had always regretted  
not doing that simple, courteous  
thing, the sick man sitting in  
the sun in the backyard would  
have enjoyed meeting her, but  
instead he sat out there alone  
as they came and left, young  
lovers going on a date. He  
always regretted it, he said.



*Installation image of abaca fiber handmade paper word, by Melanie Mowinski. One of five different words, “love” is pictured here at Windgrove Center, in Tasmania.*

# Slea Head

BY MINDY DOW

—2008

pedaling effortlessly toward the end of dingle  
stone graveled roadway  
no rain just yet

tepid brine wind mocks  
october sunlight  
staring off the chrome on my bicycle

this road centuries old  
on the edge of a dark grassy sea cliff  
where twenty miles feels like five

atlantic thundering below  
thatched roof cottages  
peat smoke

there's more sheep here than people  
who speak a language older than ghosts it seems

black shards of slea head appear  
slicing through churning white alabaster waves

I leave my bike and hike down to the beach  
holding coarse sand the color of peaches in my palms

lime green moss on wet gray rocks  
drips like hot wax  
beading trickles of water from the cliffs above

tea blue water sweeps onto shore rushing for me  
filling depressions and creating crystal deep pelagic pools

behind towering rock walls  
narrow passages

it mists  
I stand watching the tide come in  
there is nothing here

# The Red Bicycle

BY TED GILLEY

—2008

All that self-regard the cities spent on civic songs  
had been smoothed away here to two no-fuss frayed  
ends of town

and a road like a string curving and tangling away—that is,  
when it quickened in your hand you woke up and saw  
the ocean it was tethered to.

Christmas bicycles, my sister's in blue and mine in red,  
rested free against the house—and were stolen.

At a loss,

we strapped on skates to feel the endless chatter of the earth  
on the soles of our feet, or walked, giving in to the flat earth's  
least demand.

The police blamed us for the theft: Why had we not feared the night,  
when thieves stretch out their tireless arms?

On Saturdays

we rode in the bed of Dad's truck, looking for our bikes  
beneath a sun we no longer trusted—their colors  
had been cut off

from the only sun we knew. And although we never found them,  
I dreamed I saw my bicycle's red curves bending  
far from the notice

of the road, brazen on the porch of a house that kept to itself  
back in higher grass. I mounted up and pushed off.

I took back

my compliant, heartless friend and forgave, in exchange for speed,  
the miles its wheels had run without me. My thief gave chase,  
but while I felt his fingers

graze my shirt, I was faster, and always afterward, when I slipped free  
nightly of those who kept me in line, I sped through dream cities,  
taking what I wanted.

# Flesh of John Brown's Flesh: 2 December 1859

BY GEOFFREY BROCK

—2009

We knew the rules and punishments  
three lashes for lack of diligence,  
eight for disobeying mother

or telling lies. . . . *No blood*, he'd say,  
and no remission. Came a day  
he started keeping my account,

as at a store. And came another  
he called me to the tannery:  
a Sunday, day of settlement.

I'd paid one-third the owed amount  
when he, to my astonishment,  
handed the blue-beech switch to me.

Always, the greatest of my fears  
were not his whippings, but his tears,  
and he was tearful now. I dared

not disobey, nor strike him hard.  
"I will consider a weak blow  
no blow at all, rather a show

of cowardice," he said. *No blood*  
and no remission. Thus he paid  
himself the balance that I owed,



our mingled blood a token of  
a thing that went unnamed: his love.  
This nation, too, is his bad child,

fails him utterly, drives him wild  
with rage and grief and will be scourged  
nearly to death before she, purged,

may rise and stand. *No blood*, I hear  
him saying still, *and no remission*.  
So hang him today, Virginia; cheer

his body swaying in the air—  
tomorrow you will learn what's true:  
hanging's a thing he's done for you.

"Flesh of John Brown's Flesh: 2 December 1859" by Geoffrey Brock first published in *Subtropics* (spring/summer 2006). Copyright © 2006 by the author. Used by permission.

## L. C. Smith and the Color of Snakes

BY BEN JACQUES

—2011

I recently read that Cormac McCarthy's old typewriter, a portable Olivetti on which he wrote *No Country for Old Men*, *All the Pretty Horses* and much more, was sold at Christie's for \$254,500.

Which put me in mind of my first typewriter—a black L. C. Smith, a heavy birdcage manufactured by Smith and Corona. I found it in 1972 in a Goodwill store in Tucson.

First, I removed the worn roller and took it to a shop to have it replated. Then I stopped at a gas station and with an air hose blew the dust out of the cage. At home I set it on a newspaper, sprayed it with WD40 and let it marinate.

Cleaned with a toothbrush and a cloth, it gleamed. The black roman key letters, some tilting on their axes, looked sharp in their round frames. The chrome carriage return lever, shaped in a crescent, felt smooth on my left index finger. Twisting open a paper clip, I dug out the ink from the tiny loops in the “e,” “a” and “g” keys.

At the drugstore, I bought two black-and-red ribbons. Finally, the typewriter was ready. My wife sewed a cover from scraps of black velvet, on which she embroidered flowers. I wrote her a poem, using the asterisk key to insert red asters between each word.

I was between college and graduate school, working odd jobs—mostly unskilled labor—picked up at Manpower, Inc. For several months, I worked at the Anaconda research center east of Tucson.

At seven a.m., I would stop for breakfast at Danny's, a downtown café where workers gathered. There I would meet Sam Vogel. An older man with receding, slicked-back hair, Sam was from Brooklyn. He had survived both a failed marriage and the collapsed garment industry. I met him at a lumberyard, stacking two-by-fours. It was hot and the work was monotonous, and we were both happy to get assigned to Anaconda.

I was also, at this time, writing poems. On my L. C. Smith, I began typing them out and sending them to small magazines and journals. One day I took a letter with me to breakfast and passed it across the eggs and hash to Sam. It was my first acceptance. *California Quarterly* would publish a poem in an upcoming issue.

Sam read the letter, then looked at me sideways.

"How much they payin' you?"

I explained that they weren't paying me anything. But I would get four copies of the journal.

"Pass me the salsa," Sam said.

Over the next year, Sam and I became close. He often joined us and our three-year-old daughter for holiday meals and helped out when I needed an extra hand. Sometimes in the evening we would step into our tiny yard to smoke cigars and watch the light fade to a dusky purple on the mountains.

But it was our work together that gave me fodder for poems. At the research center, we stocked equipment, delivered supplies, painted, cleaned the warehouse and kept up the grounds. Constantly joking, Sam, nevertheless, tackled every task with a boyish zeal. He despised clock watchers. Once, walking through the administrative wing, Sam glanced at an executive tilted back in his chair. "*Himl-kuker*," he muttered. Sky gazer.

One day Sam was clearing weeds that had sprung up around the water tower. He was using a scythe, cutting around the clumps of marigolds that brighten the desert floor in March.

I'll let the following poem, one of the first typed on my L. C. Smith, published by *Wormwood Review*, tell the rest of the story:

Sam, from Brooklyn,  
out cutting desert weeds

around the water tower,  
spies a snake—

“Whaddy ya mean, ‘What color was it?’”  
he snaps at me at lunch.

(I simply wanted to know.)

“You a wise guy or somethin?  
I’ll tell ya what  
color it was.  
It was *snake* color!”

I’m no Cormac McCarthy, and no one is likely to bid on my L. C. Smith. A relic, it now anchors a table I use for conferencing with students. I’ll keep it where it is—to remind me of Sam and those early days. It also reminds me how deliberate, and how precious, the act of writing is—something I’d like my students to know.



*Crow/Flight*, Pressure print and linoleum cut, by Melanie Mowinski  
(Black and white version of the original)

# Symbols

BY JEFFREY McRAE

—2011

We are getting to “The Chrysanthemums,”  
but first I draw a cross on the board.  
“That’s Jesus,” says Rob.  
I draw a swastika, “evil”;  
a dollar sign, “opportunity.” I draw a flag.  
The American flag reminds Peg of patriotism.  
The other Rob announces, “oppression.”  
Patrick thinks it’s a marketing ploy  
for the Fender Stratocaster.  
Sarah states with certainty New York  
was an original colony and thus  
is one of the thirteen original stars.  
Danielle thinks the colors look very 17th c.  
*You’ve got to have some presence*, mutters Gail  
(who told me before class it was her boyfriend  
and his brother and his brother and his brother  
and they could just give her their shit  
and what the fuck was she going to do—  
live on the street? Nothing she could do.  
And their mother, after Gail does the laundry  
and cooks the food, says she’s going to crack  
and fail school. Tells her she’s ugly.  
Gail says she wants to punch someone.  
“I’m thirty-three and don’t own a car— and they’re Scottish.” “So am I,” I say.  
“So am I,” she says, quickly. “And Irish.”)  
Colby says, “Gail, can you please  
save your sob story for Thursday?”  
I keep the window open—it is so hot  
in the conference room: We sit around

fanning our faces. I draw the lidded  
Salinas Valley and inquire into the significance  
of the fence around Elisa Allen's sandy starter bed.  
Gail fills her notebook with stars and pentagrams  
and a dramatic white unicorn on hind legs.  
"Animals often indicate symbolism," I mention.  
Tracey notes the dog hiding  
under the junk wagon, lean, slow to fight,  
and that Elisa Allen is *lean* like the dog  
and when her mums are left on the road  
she gives up hope. "*And she gives up hope,*"  
I repeat, looking at Gail, and say, "Gail,  
why can't she make herself happy?"  
And Gail laughs, "She doesn't even know  
how unhappy she is."

# Full Circle

BY BARRY STERNLIEB

Originally appeared in *The Chariton Review*

—2012

Old houses drift  
toward the past

repeating themselves,  
confusing rooms with words,  
words with walls.

They hold the way  
to begin again  
regardless of decision,

bending in the slow current  
of decay like autumn

or women  
who have outlived their children.

What nothing new to regret  
is to us,  
weather is to them,

changes phrased  
in the blues of wood.

Through their doors  
age enters  
a stillness whose heart



makes the sky  
look small.  
No wonder then,

by keeping time  
to our fear of time,

they gather all there is  
to know of love.

# Golden Orb

BY HANNAH FRIES

—2012

Stronger than the tensile strength of steel  
    and golden-yellow when sun touches them  
just so—these spider webs gathered once  
    by Madagascan fisherman, and thrown  
out on the sea, strange glint in the shallows,  
    to catch a writhing shimmer of fish.

The webmakers, the spiders—regal,  
    palm-sized, oblong abdomens patterned  
and smooth like a beetle's, long legs angled  
    like a cross in the center of the web.  
Imagine the spider-catchers now,  
    with their bamboo poles, flicking the queen  
from her web, and the handlers, all women,

who place each spider in its tiny  
    harness, twenty-four at a time, and draw,  
slowly, from their trembling bodies, yards  
    of their life's thread. Then wind it on reels—  
like the dwarf spinning hay to gold—  
    to spin the filaments into silken string, to weave

a textile that gleams like a late-afternoon  
    break in the clouds. From a million  
arachnids' undoing, a fabric that lives  
    in a museum now. And they,  
the imprisoned ones, held until emptied  
    and exhausted, are set free to try again,  
in time, their own art, if they have it in them.

Do they creep back to the shadows, recuperate  
by the thousands, remember the old  
pattern woven through their blood, and set  
to it once more: the uncompromising web.  
While we examine the shining cloth laid out  
like a body in a glass case, the artist waits.

A grasshopper, and then—unlikely catch—a small  
bird flies in, all flutter and flash, the weakening  
struggle, the wing that quivers and finally  
grows still. A glitch in the way of things, a bit  
of beauty arrested where by design  
it should have flown. Eight legs gingerly  
touch the ruffled feathers, regard the onyx eye.

# A Final Note on Monsters

BY JILL GILBRETH

—2012

Barclay wasn't at all surprised when the ship landed on his roof and attached itself like a parasite, its dull engine droning. Or later, when the crew called out to him from the basement, demanding Coca-Colas and his assistance with the circuit breakers, their blank faces oblivious to his attempts to communicate. He had expected all of this to happen because he'd been warned ahead of time. Still, it had been a shock to find himself in his own home with the walls ripped open, exposed channels of wires re-routed to the mysterious aircraft that was so hungry to fuel and refuel itself—to *source others* day and night—until the house began to glow even below the ground floor. And he no longer recognized the rooms he'd occupied throughout his adult life and which he was now being ordered to vacate by this Captain who stood, unmoved and unmoving, at his bedroom door. So when Barclay remembered the row of nickels, dimes and quarters he had arranged, heads-down, along the top of the utility box out back, to detect movement in the heavens, he took his pad and pencil from their hiding place and made a final note on monsters: true, he'd anticipated their arrival, true. Even more than that, he had longed to hear his Christian name in their mouths.

# Vespids

BY MICHELLE GILLET

—2012

It's down. The hornets' nest.  
Now first sting of frost on the ground  
and we see no threat,  
only the hollow where harm lived.  
Everything the season housed has flown:  
yellow jackets idling low in the grass,  
bats fanning the dusk, the hornets  
threading close to the roof.  
When we were children  
we'd leap from our beds,  
arms flung wide. In the seconds  
before landing, we didn't know fear  
resides in gravity or stars fall  
into themselves. We imagined rising  
over the roofs not like souls  
detached from bodies, but as bodies  
resisting the world. Light in my hands  
when I lifted it from the eave, fervor gone,  
no longer wadded in industry, this testament  
to vanishings is too fragile to hold.

# Finals

BY ABBOT CUTLER

—2012

In the dream I have an exam  
I have to take but there is someone  
holding a paper he wants me  
to read, and then I have to get dressed  
in the right clothes and pass through  
endless hallways and drive over  
the snowy highway across a bridge  
and across the roofs of wrecked cars.

Exhausted early I ask what exam  
I am in line for, what journey  
in order to arrive on time  
and in the right clothes, and how  
can I go out into the storm  
and drive as I know I have to  
over the old wrecks of my life  
to finally arrive, to take the test  
I have studied my entire life for.  
It is the test of sunlight off water,  
of seven crows racketing at the edges  
of things, the test of the animals  
of deep fur, and the eyes of all those  
I have loved, the test of going on  
and knowing why, of moving my tongue  
in the forest of healed over yesterdays  
and all the days to come massed  
in the ballroom of the city of night.

If only I had known that it was now  
I was studying for when it seemed  
I was walking backwards into the swamp

of old rules carrying a four poster bed  
and a dining room with paintings I hated.  
*If* was the word I used always  
and *I don't know* was my answer  
to every question asked of my heart,  
and finally in my 62<sup>nd</sup> year I  
have arrived at the door to the hall  
and when I open it I only hope  
that there will be no bluebooks, no sharp  
pencils and no grim overseer, but  
only the honey of morning and the dance  
of forgiveness that my body knows better  
than my mind can imagine.

# Lessons

BY ANNIE RASKIN

—2013

He holds her close as she puckers up and leans into his handsome face, his lean, tanned, muscled body. His lips are parted. His Army buddy leans in awkwardly from the right hand corner of the black and white snapshot, far too eagerly watching the kissing lesson on the summer-lit beach. She is one year old.

Years later the father taught her to fish. *All good fishermen clean their own catch:* Slit the belly from anal vent to gills. Gut them. Cut off their heads. Strip off the gills. Rinse the body cavity. Skin perch. Scale pickerel. Skin bullheads. Scale bass or skin it. Leave the hallowed brook trout hollowed and whole. Scales flew high and stuck to the walls; the cat crunched in bliss on the fish heads tossed her way; livers, hearts, stomachs and guts, pillows of roe, sawed-off fins and flayed skin carelessly dispatched in a heap on the day-old newspapers laid out next to the sink. She snatched up smooth chalk white lobes for closer study. *Milt*, the father told her. *That's how you know it's a male.* Roe is the eggs, the mother's eggs—each tiny globule, each fish-to-be distinct if she looked close enough. This other nearly formless mass is what the father makes: slippery, chalk white, solidly fluid. *He sprays it on the eggs floating in the water.* Just firm enough to hold in her hand, a sac thinner than skin but tough as the membrane that makes a too-fresh hard-boiled egg so tricky to peel.

More years later the father again taught her to kiss. *That's not a kiss*, he told her. *Soften your lips.* She did as he ordered. Somewhere in those same years the mother taught her to make a pale pudding called junket. The mother poured it into fluted glass dishes lined up on the kitchen windowsill to set. Sweet and smooth as a kiss, milk-white as death, she did love its feel in her mouth. It barely trembled in the dish if she touched it gently with a finger. Surface tension held it so. When she put her spoon into the junket, it began slowly to ooze water around the spoon's hole, intact only if untouched. *Rennet*, the father explained, *from the lining of a dead calf's stomach.* No real danger here, only offal in its own way.





*Mick's Heart, Tree Frottage, Charcoal, by Melanie Mowinski*

# Educators

(In honor of my mother)

BY AKILI CARTER

—2013

I go forward armed with the lessons of many educators  
From professors to parents to ex-wives to current fiancées  
Life lessons have been drilled into my school while I was wide awake  
The answers to so many questions that have yet to be asked  
The most amazing education is the one you get at the hospital  
At 8 o'clock in the morning when your first child is being born  
You learn about your gumption as a man and a woman  
You figure out if you are ready to sculpt and mold a young human being  
As a father and as a mother  
The second-greatest lesson you get is when you watch your parent being laid  
into the ground  
Yes, they have given you the foundation for greatness, but you still are never  
ready  
For that type of loss and to handle that grief  
When you are arguing with them about a lesson whether mini or profound  
You are not thinking that what they are saying is out of love  
What is an educator or a teacher, or education and learning without context?  
The proper box for you to put your stackables of life into is very important  
But I digress; I started this poem wanting to answer a question about education  
What is education? What is a teacher?  
Well, your education is ongoing and non-stop, from cradle to grave  
What is a teacher? My mom, dad, fiancée, children, and family  
Hopefully, one day, when this topic is being written about by my children  
They will say, my dad was a teacher  
And I hope someone will reply that everyone is a teacher in their own way  
The thing I want to ask is, are the lessons worth learning?

# Blowing on Coals

BY DON WASHBURN

After fifty, sex is like blowing on coals.  
Our forgetful bodies want the heat of passion.  
Only love, the great aphrodisiac, enthralls,  
enlivens all seven chakras, turns ashen  
lips incarnadine, and repeals  
the floe of lassitude that cools our blood.  
Then our Indian Summer arrives, feels  
this warmth out of season. The untimely bud  
of passion quickens like a match. And our hot  
breath feathers the kindled flesh. Like seasoned  
wood we wait for deepest burning. Is this not  
good husbandry and the sweetest reason,  
that frees the logjam of our lustful art  
until a cheery fire is burning on the hearth?

# Her Joy

BY LORALEE MOON

She couldn't remember how the feathers  
first started to grow, but she knew  
the earliest ones were for her mother's eyes,  
her father's laugh. Feathers for a soft blanket,  
a doll, a grandmother's skirts to cling to.  
They were not painful to grow, they felt like  
seeds unfolding through loose soil and when  
they bloomed, they felt like eyelashes  
against her skin. The early ones,  
tiny and translucent.

She grew a feather for her sweet smelling  
baby brother, asleep in the bassinet, his first day  
home from the hospital. Feathers for a smooth stone  
found in the park, a telescope, a string of colored beads.  
A feather for a favorite book at five, about kittens.  
Feathers for a favorite book at thirty-five, for a poem  
at fifty-five. Feathers for her second grade teacher  
and for her favorite professor. Feathers for her first  
best friend and her tenth best friend. For her first man,  
her first love, her first lesson learned. More men.  
Sadly, sometimes someone stole a feather but she didn't mind,  
she could still fly. She grew feathers for God, her work,  
her husband's hands, her home. She didn't need to fly far  
to feel free. Feathers for her son and daughter, for their  
laughter and their crayon drawings. Feathers for  
quiet moments and the pine tree in the front yard.  
For each grandchild and for each pastel skein of yarn  
used to crochet their blankets. Now, her wings are  
too wide and too heavy to fly. On a cold winter's day  
she twines her feathers carefully around her,

so as not to break any. One is bent awkwardly out  
from a mid-life angst and she is gentle with this one too.  
When she is done she looks like  
a spool of iridescent black ribbon.  
At the core she is warm, the feathers smell  
of sunshine and are soft against her skin.

# Sweet and Lovely

BY ZACK FINCH

Cecil Taylor's playing cuts the air  
into ten tenses,

the upright piano working  
its rake across god's broken  
rock garden,  
the stars  
all dissonant over the east side.

Like a homeless locksmith  
shaving new keys  
in the edgewise night,

or an aging blacksmith  
making the sparks speak out:

into the awkward darkness,  
there are no right angles:

all beauty is ragged,  
all fire is moth-eaten.

## Contributors

**Geoffrey Brock** most recently is the author of *Voices Bright Flags* (Waywiser 2014). He teaches at the University of Arkansas.

**Akili Carter** is a mental health counselor and father of two children. Author of four collections of poetry, he earned a degree in English and history from MCLA, then a master's degree in mental-health counseling. He lives on Long Island, NY.

**Whiteford Cole**, a retired investor, lives in Brookline, MA. He was a neighbor of Charlie McIsaac when the founding editor of *The Mind's Eye* was a librarian at Boston University.

**Abbot Cutler's** third collection of poems is *Say Dance, Say Night*, published last year by Slate Roof Press. After a teaching career at MCLA, Abbot lives and writes in Ashfield, MA.

**Mindy Dow** began writing poetry at age seven, inspired by Mother Goose Rhymes, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, Dr. Seuss, and Shel Silverstein. A poet and teacher, she is inspired by the natural world and is focusing on the poetry of trees. Her poems have appeared in the *Wilderness House Literary Review*, and other publications. She lives in Stockbridge, MA.

**Zack Finch** recently joined the MCLA English/Communications Department, teaching creative writing and literature. He wrote the poem "Sweet and Lovely" within earshot of the Cecil Taylor LP *Jazz Advance*, recorded in Boston in 1955.

**Hannah Fries** has served as associate editor / poetry editor of *Orion* magazine and works for Storey Publishing in North Adams, MA. She won the Pushcart Prize and also appeared in *Best American Essay*. Her own poetry has appeared in a variety of literary journals and magazines.

**Tony Gengarelly** continues to teach part-time after a long career at MCLA. An author, editor, art historian and curator, he has written extensively on the life and art of Jessica Park, and directs the *Jessica Park Project*.

**Jill Gilbreth** still hasn't decided whether "A Final Note on Monsters" is a prose poem or a very tiny story. Her short fiction has appeared in *Ploughshares* and was cited in The Best American Short Stories 2008 "Distinguished Stories" list. She is at work on her first novel.

**Michelle Gillett**, a poet, editor and teacher, has published three books of poetry, including her most recent, *The Green Cottage*, which won The Ledge 2011 Poetry Chapbook Competition.

**Ted Gilley** is a writer and editor whose poems and stories have been published in a score of magazines and journals, including *Poetry Northwest*, *National Review*, and *New England Review*. His collection of short stories, *Bliss*, won the Prairie Schooner Fiction Prize in 2010.

**Eileen Gloster's** poetry has appeared in local poetry collections, including *The Mind's Eye*, *The Berkshire Review*, *Holding True*, and *After Art/After Nature*. A former reporter and editor, her writing also has been published in local newspapers. She teaches second grade in her home town of North Adams, MA.

**Colin Harrington**, a poet, teacher and arts catalyst, lives in Windsor, MA, and teaches at Amherst High School. He is the events planner at The Bookstore in Lenox, MA, which regularly hosts readings. His poetry has appeared in numerous literary magazines and anthologies.

**Mary Kennen Herbert** lives in Brooklyn, NY. Six collections of her poetry have been published by Ginninderra Press in Australia and Meadow Geese Press in Massachusetts. A poet, teacher, and editor, she has taught at several colleges, including Long Island University in Brooklyn, NY.

**Katherine Hollander's** poems have appeared in *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Sugar House Review*, *Literary Imagination*, *Hunger Mountain*, and elsewhere. She holds a master's degree in poetry from Boston University, where she is a Ph.D. candidate in European history.



**Ben Jacques** writes poetry and creative non-fiction. He taught literature, language studies, and journalism for 24 years before retiring from MCLA. He lives near Boston, MA, and is writing a book about Route 2.

**Miriam Leader** was born in Chicago, IL. She lived in Ohio, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Palestine, and Vermont before settling in North Hampton, MA, where she died at age 93 in 2012. She was an activist, teacher, poet, and musician.

**Sara Littlecrow-Russell**, of Anishinaabeg (Ojibwe) and Han-Naxi Métis heritage, is a poet, lawyer, and professional mediator. She has worked at the Center for Education and Policy Advocacy at the University of Massachusetts and for Community Partnerships for Social Change at Hampshire College in Amherst, MA.

**Charlie McIsaac** founded *The Mind's Eye* in 1977 and served as its editor through 1983. He died in 1984. He was the director of Freel Library.

**Jeff McRae** has new poems appearing in or forthcoming in *Massachusetts Review* and *Mudfish*. He teaches creative writing and literature at MCLA. He lives in Vermont with his wife and three children.

**Paul Milenski** learned English as a second language, and became an educator and a writer. His stories have appeared in numerous publications and anthologies, and won prizes, including the AWP Short-Short Competition and PEN Syndicated Prize.

**Mark Miller** chairs the English/Communications Department at MCLA, teaches literature, is a Robert Penn Warren Fellow, and also is a birder. His 1998 poem recounts a pivotal boyhood experience.

**Loralee Moon** wrote wide-eyed, penetrating lyrics about the people and life around her. An MCLA alumna of both the undergraduate and graduate programs in English and education, she died of cancer in 2012.

**Melanie Mowinski** is an associate professor of art at MCLA and the founder of PRESS: Letterpress as a Public Art Project. When she's not teaching, printing or running PRESS, you can find her in the woods, searching out textures and patterns in the bark and rocks.

**Jan P. Myskowski**, an attorney, graduated with a degree in English from North Adams State College in 1987 and practiced in North Adams. He is now a director of Cleveland, Waters and Bass in Concord, NH.

**Howard Nelson's** *All the Earthly Lovers: Selected & New Poems* was published in 2014 by Foothills Press.

**Miriam O'Neal** lives with her family in Plymouth, MA. She earned her MFA in Writing from Bennington College in Vermont. Her poems and reviews have appeared in *PIF Online*, *Ragazine*, *Marlboro Review*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *The Guidebook*, *AGNI*, and others.

**Leon Peters** has won awards for his graphic arts, expressed in posters and numerous publications. In 1998 he designed the *The Mind's Eye* in its new journal format, a role he continues. His art often appears on the journal covers.

**Stephen Philbrick** uses poetry every Sunday in his job as minister at the West Cummington Community Church. He also has been logging and has written about that with his son, Frank (*The Backyard Lumberjack*, Storey Publishing).

**Peter Filkins** has authored four books of poetry, and translated the work of several post-war German poets and novelists. Since 1988 he has taught at Bard College at Simon Rock in Great Barrington, MA.

**David Raffeld** teaches humanities at the Rashi School in Dedham, MA, and continues to write poetry and plays. His play, *A Living Will*, was performed at the University of Illinois, in Chicago, IL.

**Annie Raskin** taught various classes at MCLA, including those on the graphic novel, metafiction, and 19<sup>th</sup>-century American women regionalist writers. She retired in 2014. Her prose poem is part of a manuscript in progress, titled *Eros and Place*.

**Cynthia Richardson** produced six seasons of reviews of Williamstown Theatre Festival productions for her local paper, *The Chatham Courier*, and a scholarly article on The Canterbury Tales for *Texas Studies in Literature and Language*. Her poems have appeared in *The Berkshire Review*, *The Amherst Review*, and the *Threepenny Review*. She taught literature and creative writing in high schools and community colleges for more than 20 years.

**Hershel Shohan** taught English at North Adams State College from 1975-1981. His poem, "North Adams Cemetery," was one of the early poems published in *The Mind's Eye*. He lives in Amherst, MA.

**Rosemary Starace** is a writer and visual artist living in Pittsfield, MA. Her poems have appeared in *Orion*, *Blueline*, *Yew*, *Studio*, *Lake*, and others. She is the author of *Requitements* (Elephant Tree House, 2010), and a co-editor, with Moira Richards and Lesley Wheeler, of *Letters to the World: Poems from the Wom-po Listserv* (Red Hen Press, 2008).

**Barry Sternlieb** has authored four collections of poetry, including *Thoreau's Hat*, *Fission*, and *Winter Crows*, which was the winner of the Codhill Poetry Chapbook Award. He is the publisher of Mad River Press.

**Anna M. Warrock's** publications include the chapbooks *Horizon and Smoke and Stone*, and the anthology *Kiss Me Goodnight, Poems and Stories by Women Who Were Girls When Their Mothers Died*. A member of the Slate Roof Press collective, she lives in Somerville, MA.

**Don Washburn's** sonnet is from his collection, *In the Eye of the Red-Tailed Hawk: an Essay on Love*. At 82 he is still teaching at MCLA, making poems and composing music, accessible at [www.donwashburn.com](http://www.donwashburn.com).

## Writer's Guidelines

*Submissions should adhere to the following:*

1. Submit unpublished manuscripts via email in MS-Word format. List your name, address, phone number and e-mail address, if available, on the cover sheet, with your name at the top of each page.
2. We will consider simultaneous submissions under the provision that the author notify us of this and contact us immediately if the material is accepted elsewhere.
3. Use MLA style, with in-text references, as appropriate to the content and disciplinary approach of your article (see MLA Style Manual for guidelines).
4. Please include a word count.
5. While we will consider articles of unspecified length, preference is given to articles fewer than 20 pages long.
6. We reserve the right to edit for clarity and accuracy.
7. We will consider artwork (e.g., photographs, line drawings, woodcuts).
8. Payment will be made in contributor's copies.

Submit your manuscript to:

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Frances Jones-Sneed, Managing Editor  
Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts  
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For queries: [f.jones-sneed@mcla.edu](mailto:f.jones-sneed@mcla.edu)





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